

The Sketch

No. 1325 — Vol. CII.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 19, 1918

ONE SHILLING.



SECOND DAUGHTER OF A MEMBER OF THE WAR CABINET : LADY CYNTHIA CURZON.

Among the many notable people at the recent wedding of the Earl of St. Germans to Lady Blanche Somerset, elder of the daughters of the Duke of Beaufort, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, none looked more distinguished or more charming than Lady Cynthia Curzon. Lady Cynthia, who was born in 1898, is a great favourite in Society. Her mother, the first wife of Earl Curzon of Kedleston, was Miss Mary Victoria Leiter,

the elder daughter of the late Mr. Levi Zeigler Leiter, of Dupont Circle, Washington, U.S.A. Her father, Lord Curzon, who was Viceroy and Governor-General of India, 1898-1904, and again, 1904-5, and is a member of the Imperial War Cabinet, bore the Standard of Empire of India at the Coronation of King George V., in 1911. In 1917 he married, *en secondes noces*, the widow of Mr. Alfred Duggan.

Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.



By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot").

To Cure
the Longing.

I have just returned from a little journey, undertaken in the course of duty, of rather more than a thousand miles. In case you are sighing for the Scottish moors or the Devonshire lanes, friend the reader, and are promising yourself a long railway-trip this summer, let the cost be what it may, let me point out to you some of the added luxuries of travel in war-time.

Our compartment was full from the moment of leaving London, and remained full for the next seven hours. There was no corridor, no dining-car, and no luncheon-basket. Let these particulars sink in before we proceed further.

We stopped at every station. In point of fact, we stopped twice at every station. And I will tell you how this was accomplished. The train was an extraordinarily long one—so long that no ordinary platform would accommodate the full length of it. When the front part had concluded its business, therefore, it made way for the tail. An amusing piece of work for the first three hours; after that, the novelty palled.

Porters, as you know, are scarce. (Of cabs, none.) If you have a loud voice and a very insistent manner, you may get a porter. If you have neither, you will carry your own bags. I carried mine. Heavy originally, they seemed extremely heavy at the end of a long and foodless journey in a crowded compartment. And they seemed heavier yet when I learnt that there was no room for me in the hotel I had selected. Small boys made kindly offers of assistance, but I can never see why a small boy should carry a heavy bag for a large man.

The Far-Off
Hotel.

An emergency coupon provided me with a diminutive portion of cold mutton. One does not grumble, mind you. One understands these difficulties. But one is sufficiently patriotic to warn off the would-be holiday wanderer.

I awoke at five to a sound of running feet. Somebody, clad in thick shoes, was rushing from end to end of my corridor. Was there, I wondered idly, a fire? Had the Hun landed at last? The running continued.

At six o'clock came a violent knocking on the door of the room next to mine. No reply. Increased violence of knocking. No reply. A veritable cannonade.

"Hullo! Hullo!" replied a peevish voice.

"Six o'clock, Sir!"

"Wha' of it?"

"Did you wish to be called at six, Sir?"

"NO!"

"Oh! Beg pardon, Sir!" And the cheerful blunderer retreated.

At seven I rang my bell. At seven-thirty it was answered by a stout young woman who leaned against the wall and gasped for breath.

"Is it you?" I asked, "that's been running up and down the corridor for the last three hours?"

"Yes, Sir!"



AS SHE WAS SEEN AT THE GLOBE: MISS ELIZABETH ASQUITH
AS A STUDY AFTER AUBREY BEARDSLEY.

Miss Elizabeth Asquith was one of the ladies appearing in Lady Lowther's "Objets d'Art Vivants," at the Globe the other day, at the matinée organised by the British Women's Hospital Committee in aid of "The Nation's Fund for Nurses."

Photograph by E. O. Hoppé.

"Hi!" called I to the attendant young woman. She approached, writing me down a fussy nuisance as she came.

"This hot water is brown."

She peered into the jug, and then sniffed it. "That'll just be a dirty cocoa-jug," she explained.

I gave no further trouble until my modest meal was nearly concluded. At this point, I ventured to suggest marmalade.

She shook her head. "No marmalade here," she assured me. "But you can have scrambled eggs," she added kindly.

Trivial incidents, friend the reader, but they may serve to make you more content with your own bed, your own table, and your own garden. Take my advice, and throw your Bradshaw on to a very high shelf until the war is over.

"But do you always run?"

"Yes, Sir!"

"Why do you always run?"

"To get my fat down, Sir." (Such was the amazing answer.)

I despatched the young woman on an errand. Off she romped, presently returning with the speed and reverberation of a mad elephant.

"There's no tooth-glass," I indicated.

"No what, Sir?"

"No tooth-glass. A vessel used in the cleansing of teeth."

"Oh, we don't have them."

"Indeed? And what do visitors use when they wish to clean their teeth?"

She pointed to the familiar receptacle for tooth-brushes. "Just that," said she.

The lift was worked by one of the smallest boys I have ever seen. He was an expert with that lift. He had subdued the thing to his will. It was a triumph of mind over matter. He could make it leap like a wounded stag. He could make it ascend in a series of bounds like a kangaroo. He could drop you like a stone from the sixth floor, and just save you from sudden death as the dread cage whirled past the first floor.

He had a colleague as small as himself on the ground floor. The colleague was equally clever with the bell-push. It was the pleasure of these youths to work in direct antagonism. If you want excitement, go to that hotel and live in the lift.

At the Breakfast-Table. I am not, I trust, an autocrat at the breakfast-table, least of all in wartime. I impressed upon the attendant young woman, in the suavest and kindest way, that I wanted weak tea and a jug of hot water. Weak tea, of course, is the rarest luxury in this country. All tea is strong, and the longer the war lasts the stronger the tea gets. This is due, I am told, to a shortage in tea.

The tea was strong, so I proceeded to tip my hot water into the pot. The hot water had turned a sickly brown colour.

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THE WEDDING OF LAST WEEK : BRIDE, SISTER, AND FRIENDS.



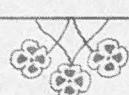
GUESTS ; A BRIDESMAID : (L. TO R.) MRS. ARKWRIGHT,
MRS. RALPH PETO, AND LADY MORVYTH WARD.



WEARING THE BRIDEGRoOM'S REGIMENTAL BADGE
AS A BROOCH : THE COUNTESS OF ST. GERMANs.

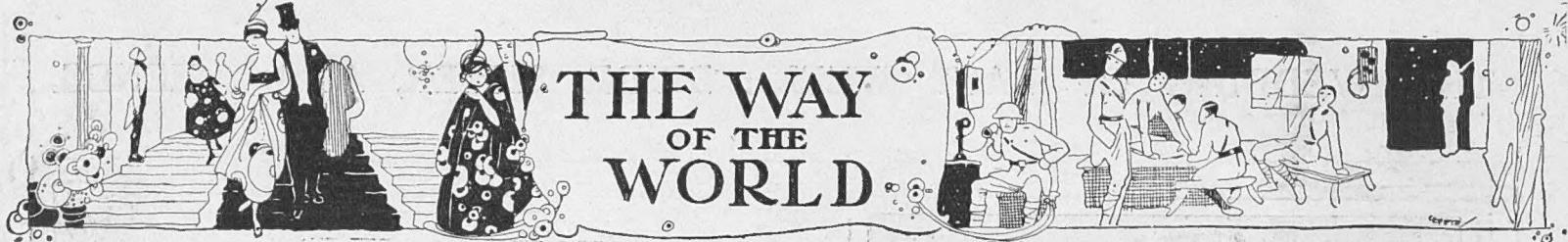


SISTER OF THE BRIDE : LADY DIANA SOMERSET,
A BRIDESMAID.



Further photographs illustrating the wedding of last week—that of the Earl of St. Germans and Lady Blanche Somerset, elder daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort—appear on a double page in this Number. They include a full-length photograph of the bride in her travelling-dress, but we give another of her in that dress here, as it is a particularly good

portrait. Her brooch, the badge of her husband's regiment, the Scots Greys, was a gift from him. He has served abroad since the war began, and has the Military Cross. Lady Morvyth Ward, one of the bridesmaids, is a daughter of the Earl and Countess of Dudley. Mrs. Peto is wife of Lieutenant Ralph Peto, R.A.F.—[Photographs by Malcolm Arbuthnot.]



Lord St. Germans—

Lady Blanche.

days. It was so with me when I was elbowed in the crowd at St. Margaret's, Westminster. All sorts of well-dressed young men and beautifully garbed women were busily jostling each other, as though this were Cup Day at Ascot before the Hun devil started to devastate the world. All the things that we were accustomed to

in pre-war nuptials were in evidence—the pale flowers, the solemn music, and the chattering army of bridesmaids and friends. I forgot to tell you that the occasion of this revival was the wedding of Lord St. Germans to Lady Blanche Somerset.

Pre-War Aristocrats.

The Duke of Beaufort was very much in evidence, looking like a pre-war aristocrat—certainly unlike those aristocrats who have acquired their patents of aristocracy since the war. With old

pre-war dignity he gave away

THE BOLD, BANTING BARON AND THE STOUT SIR STEAK.

"A peer walked into a butcher's shop in the West End recently and politely lifted his hat to a rump steak. 'It is so long since I saw a beefsteak,' he said, 'that I felt I must have a look at one.'—*Daily Paper*.

His daughter, who was looking very beautiful in what, I am told, was a gown of silver tissue and some famous family lace. The troopers turned up and drew their swords for the peaceful purpose of forming a guard of honour. The Duke's chaplain—whom most of you know is the Bishop of Gloucester—officiated, and seemed thoroughly to enjoy himself.

The Groom. I thought the bridegroom looked far more nervous than he used to do in those very faraway days when he was such a popular figure at the rag-time dances that used to follow expensive suppers at Ciro's and elsewhere.

About Guests. Royalty turned

up to the wedding in the person of Princess Arthur of Connaught, who, I think, has grown more beautiful every day since I saw her kneel herself before the altar. Lord Lonsdale, who always seems somewhat handicapped on these occasions because he is not able to have a cigar in the church, helped to bring a sporting atmosphere to the occasion, with Lord Cholmondeley. I am not attempting to count the Duchesses,

"Small growers may arrange with their allotment societies or councils for the joint use of a sprayer."—*Daily Paper*.

although the names, in the persons of the Duchess of Sutherland and the Duchess of Abercorn, were very prominent.

A "P.-B." Neck-Note. There are so many disturbing elements in life in these times that it is with reluctance that I hark back to the unsavoury subject of the notorious Billing trial. However, if club gossip can be believed, we have certainly



UNDERSTUDYING A PRINCIPAL PART IN "A SOUTHERN MAID" ON TOUR: MISS BERNADETTE FILIPPA, A RISING YOUNG ACTRESS.

Photograph by Garratt.

not heard the last of this matter. In fact, new and startling developments are likely to be expected. I may be permitted to express the hope that if that rhetorical reformer Mr. Pemberton-Billing is to figure in Court again he will wear an ordinary neck-tie, such as do his fellow-men, rather than the eccentric little button in his soft collar.

Imperial People.

The meeting of the Imperial War Cabinet at

Downing Street attracted a very small audience. Apart from two alert newspaper photographers, everybody present seemed

decidedly apathetic. Lord Milner drove up in a car, and passed practically without recognition; but then, he has always been a man to keep himself rather out of the public eye, and to avoid what we call in modern language the limelight. I was surprised and pleased to notice that the stalwart Labour Member, Mr. G. N. Barnes, seemed

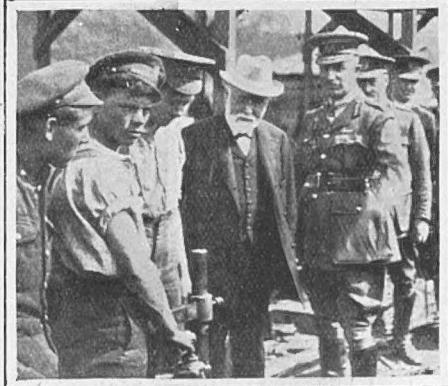
very proud of a huge red carnation. Buttonholes are going out of fashion in these days, and have been steadily on the down-grade since the death of King Edward and Mr. Chamberlain. Perhaps our Labour Members, instead of quarrelling among themselves, will unite to revive the buttonhole. It is certainly time that they had something quite distinctive and apart from the other political parties.

A "Long" White Hat. Another echo of the past was brought to light by Mr. Walter Long, who strolled into Downing Street wearing a tall white hat. White hats are hardly worn by Ministers in these days, and I cannot help wondering, with a certain tremor of fear, whether they strike the true democratic note which we are told is so essential to our war purposes. There were no cheers for Mr. Long—there seldom

are. Still, he is generally popular with the crowd, which loves to recognise an honest politician.

Sir Alfred, Optimist.

Sir Alfred Butt, when he finds any time from the arduous labours of answering congratulations on his recent knighthood, is busily engaged, so I hear, at perfecting the plans for at least two new great super-theatres in the West End of London. One, according to rumour, will be built on the site now occupied by Meux's Brewery; and the other—I am still speaking according to rumour—will take in the Queen's Hotel, Leicester Square. Sir Alfred has always been a man of tremendous ideas and gigantic schemes, and, as a fellow-manager of his remarked to me last week, "What an optimist the man is!" "Why an optimist?" I asked. "Well," he replied, "Butt certainly

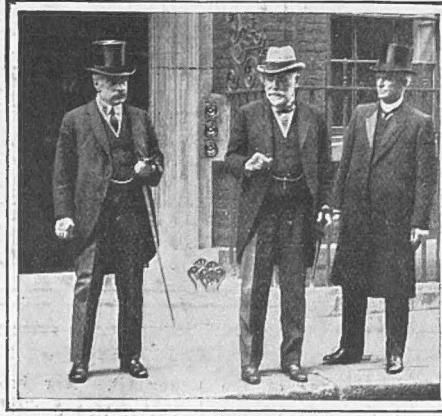


THE SHIPPING CONTROLLER AT WORK: LORD PIRRIE, WITH GENERAL COLLARD, AT A NATIONAL SHIPYARD.—[Official Photograph.]



A STUDY OF A GENTLEMAN WITH A LUXURIOUS MIND.

"The Hitchin military representative described paper-hanging as a luxury."—*Daily Paper*.



THE IMPERIAL WAR CABINET MEETING: (LEFT TO RIGHT) SIR ROBERT BORDEN (CANADA), SIR THOMAS MACKENZIE (NEW ZEALAND) AND MR. ANDREW FISHER (AUSTRALIA), LEAVING THE BUILDING.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]



"A Margate angler fishing off Kingsgate caught 60 lb. of bass in 20 minutes."—*Daily Paper*.

Imagine his disappointment when he woke.

in the world—just as I was told, a few days before, that the pretty little lady who calls herself "The Kirchner Girl" is the most beautiful woman in the world. Theatrical managers are nothing if they cannot deal in superlatives. Anyhow, we all wish Miss Desirée every success in her musical career. I take this opportunity of expressing the hope that she will persuade Sir Thomas Beecham to cultivate a pleasanter opinion of London's musical taste!

"The Bishop"—Peer.

tory character! I was reading in the club the other night that Sir Walter Phillimore had

Alas for the greatness of mortal man! Alas for its transi-

tionary character! I was reading in the club the other night that Sir Walter Phillimore had

just received the honour of a Peerage.

"Why," exclaimed a usually well-informed person who occupied the next easy-chair, "I thought Phillimore was dead!" He has, in fact, been out of the public eye almost entirely since he retired from the Bench. In those days he was famous for his ecclesiastical interests, and profane young barristers used to describe him as "the Bishop." I remember one of these saying to me once, "If Darling knows how to bring a touch of the theatre into the Bench,

Phillimore at any rate knows how to conduct his Court like a cathedral."

At "Phoebus and Pan."

brought together a host of well-known people. Amongst the most enthusiastic were, I should say, Lady Elcho and Lady Howard de Walden, whom I saw chatting together over the Dulac scenery. The applause was such as to leave no doubt as to the production's popularity, and seemed to be led by Lady Wernher, who always is a leader on such occasions as these.



"It has become a habit. You do not ask what it is for. You simply plank down your coppers or silver, allow the lady to pin the flag to your coat, and walk on without much reflection."—*Daily Paper*.

replied: "I am very sorry to hear it. Sukhomlinoff was one of the finest strategists in the Russian Army, and played a most important part in the Russian mobilisation at the start of the war. Besides being a very

cannot put any of these schemes into operation until the war is over, so he certainly thinks it is going to end some day. Therefore I repeat he is an optimist."

Sir Thomas, Enthusiast.

Sir Thomas Beecham has been communicating to me some of his enthusiasm about his new prima-donna. Her name is Miss Desirée Ellinger, and I am told that she is the youngest prima-donna

charming fellow socially, he possesses that rare thing—the real military mind. He is certainly worth better things than to act as a hall-porter. Besides" (he added sarcastically) "we have so many British Generals who could do this job quite admirably."

Mrs. Lloyd George in Public.

lives. Mrs. Asquith always was, and is still, one of the social leaders of our day, and has done, perhaps, more than any other hostess to encourage young people who have originality and cleverness. Now Mrs. Lloyd George seems to be following the same path. At first she was inclined to be a little shy, but has blossomed out of late in quite a startling manner. I met her the other day at Lady Owen Philipps's wonderful town house, and she discoursed to me at great length, and with something of her husband's exceptional eloquence, on the subject of Welsh industries. The Prime

Minister's wife refused to go on the platform and take an official part in the proceedings, preferring, as she said, "to be for once in a way just simply one of the audience." I cannot help thinking that this homely act on her part showed a good deal of Mr. Lloyd George's genius for doing the right thing at the right moment.



LADY JUNE BUTLER.

LADY MOYRA BUTLER.

LADY NEWNES.

Lady Newnes has arranged tableaux illustrating Allied art, for Princess Alice's matinée at the Alhambra on June 24 in aid of the Imperial Service College Scholarship Fund. Lady Newnes and the ladies

June and Moyra Butler are taking part.

Photographs by Hoppe and Erneit; Drawing by T. P. Anderson.

June and Moyra Butler are taking part.

Photographs by Hoppe and Erneit; Drawing by T. P. Anderson.

Successors.

When I saw Mr. Charles

B. Cochran last week, he told me that he had completed arrangements whereby he will be responsible for a whole series

of productions at the Oxford

in succession to "The Better 'Ole," which has been played

twice daily since Aug. 4 last,

and is still popular. This week,

Poulbot's charming and pathetic story, "The Kiddies in the Ruins," will be introduced into Bairnsfather's play. Of course,

I am delighted in more senses

than one to hear that "C.B.C."

has definitely taken over the

reins at the Oxford, as at the

London Pavilion, because both

these dear old landmarks will

welcome an up-to-date man

such as he. At the same

time, the start of the Cochran

era at the Oxford fills me with

a certain regret. It means the

passing of our oldest West End

music-hall, and it is only ten days ago that I met a

charming old lady who remembered with joy seeing a

long line of carriages all down Oxford Street because

George Leybourne was singing at the Oxford. I, of

course, cannot remember Leybourne, he is simply a

legend to me, but I am old enough to have found

great joy in the efforts of that wonderful con-

stellation of stars which used to twinkle at the

Oxford in the 'nineties. Now Mr. Cochran has appeared upon the

scene, and everything will be very up to date.



ONTARIO'S
"FARMERETTES":
THE OFFICIAL
COSTUME FOR
LAND-GIRLS.
Photograph by Sport and General.

Successors.

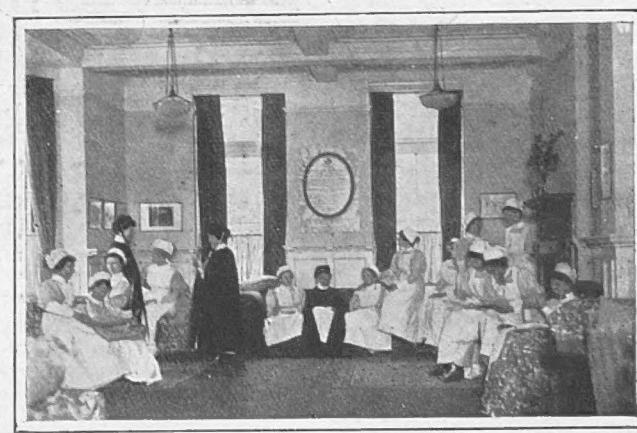


BUY AND BRING
UP THE MILLION!
ALEXANDRA DAY,
JUNE 19.

It is hoped this year to increase the total sum raised for hospitals by Alexandra Days—£750,000—to £1,000,000.

More Romance.

I went to see "The Loving Heart" at the New Theatre, and must confess that I found this pleasant, romantic touch of mediæval mystery, not to say mediæval melodrama, very pleasing. Anything in the romantic line on the London stage just now has a rather exceptional chance to succeed, because it comes as a relief.



IN COMMEMORATION OF THE MARTYR NURSE: A REST-ROOM IN THE NEWLY OPENED EDITH CAVELL HOME FOR NURSES AT THE LONDON HOSPITAL.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]



THREE is no irony like that of time, and one of its queerest jests has reference to Dr. Arthur Lynch, M.P., who is to act as a recruiting officer in Ireland. He fought with the Boers against the British Army, and was sentenced to death, with great pomp and circumstance, for high treason. He is now whole-heartedly on the side of the Allies—and, indeed, has distinguished himself by an almost excessive zeal for the cause. He is never tired of stirring up Ministers to show more enthusiasm for the Republican form of Government; and he was the bitterest, most pertinacious, and most vehement critic of the leniency so long shown to King Constantine. He is a man of very various culture. He studied in Berlin, Paris, and Australia, as well as in London, and holds the diploma of a French engineer as well as the degrees of an English medical man. He writes French almost like a native.

King Charles's Head. I am glad to see that steps are being taken to protect the statue of Charles I. from damage by

bomb. For really it is almost the only statue in London which could not well be spared. Though not one person out of a thousand who passes down Whitehall casts a glance at the King, he is really very well worth detailed examination; and his horse is even better. The statue was removed by the Cromwellians, and passed some years in a cellar in Islington until the Restoration restored it, as well as many worse things. By the way, it is curious what immunity monuments have so far enjoyed. And there are so many of them that would be missed only with a sense of relief.



ACTING AS A NURSE: MRS. EDWARD KING-HARMAN.

Mrs. Edward King-Harman, who has been acting as nurse in a hospital for more than two years, is the daughter of Captain Pakenham Mahon, late Scots Guards, and Mrs. Pakenham Mahon, of Strokestown, Roscommon. She married, in July 1914, Captain Edward Stafford King-Harman, Irish Guards, who was killed the following September.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.

chemistry. It may not be the steam-engine was anticipated as early as the reign of Charles II. by the Marquess of Worcester. But, as Macaulay has said, the Marquess was known to be a Papist and suspected to be a madman, and so no notice was taken of the discovery, except that Charles II., himself an intelligent man and an excellent chemist, probably said "Odd's fish" with some appreciation when it was exhibited before the then infant Royal Society.

Sportsmen All. Lord Desborough, giving prizes and praises to successful athletes the other day, was exactly that rare thing—the right man in

the right place. He has lived up to his words; and his own handsome looks fully confirm them. When, long ago, he swam Niagara at a difficult place, he did what no other Englishman had done.

Like father, like sons. Both the memorable boys he lost in the war were bright exemplars of his muscular creed. To begin with, both stood over six feet in height; and Johannesburg still remembers Julian Grenfell as a boxer on a certain great occasion. A high jump he made over a wall on his horse Kangaroo is still the record for South Africa. Above all, both he and his brother owed more to their sports than merely their grand physique. The resulting health meant resulting happiness. "I'm so happy," one of them wrote home, "and I love all my fellow-officers, and all my dogs, and all my horses." Lord Desborough

does not trust himself to speak of his sons in public; but such memories of them as these gave weight and pathos the other day to all his words.

Decorated. "Donor and administrator, annex, King Edward VII.'s Hospital," is the curt official method of assigning the reason why Lady Aberconway should be entitled to write C.B.E. after her name. But her war-work has not prevented the new Commander from keeping up her interest in political affairs, as befits the daughter and wife of ex-M.P.s, and the mother-in-law of another. Her fearless declaration made as President of the annual Council meeting of the Women's Liberal Federation a short time ago—that in dealing with Germans it was necessary to remember that "you are not dealing with reasonable people at all. They acknowledge no right and justice, but worship only the might of their own sword"—was a definition of the Hun character as good as any that the war has produced.

Greatly Distinguished. To the twin distinctions of being one of the best

portrait-painters and of having been

made an A.R.A. at the early age of

thirty-two, Major (now

Sir William) Orpen has

added that of being a

notable official war

artist, with the result

that he, in company

with many others, may

write K.B.E. after his

name. Exactly why the A.S.C. should have been

considered the right place for Mr. Orpen's talents

was something which for a long time puzzled a

public fast growing accustomed to vagaries. But

Mr. Orpen's stay at Kensington Barracks was not

a long one, and his work in France has made the

nation the richer by a collection of paintings which

exhale the real atmosphere of war. Whether Sir

William owes his "K" to the excellence of his

work or his generosity in presenting his pictures of

the Front to the nation matters very little. In

either case the honour was well deserved. There is

something which appeals with peculiar force when

we find a master of one of the arts of peace pic-

turing war in such brilliant fashion as has Major

Sir William Orpen.



A MILITARY ENGAGEMENT: MR. ERNEST VANE-TEMPEST—MISS ALINE M. L. ST. GEORGE.

Mr. Ernest Vane-Tempest, D.S.C., is the only surviving son of the late Mr. C. H. Vane-Tempest and Mrs. Nigel Harrison, of Norton, Stockton-on-Tees, and is a great-grandson of the third Marquess of Londonderry. His engagement to Miss Aline Mary Loftus St. George, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Loftus St. George, of Harleyford Lodge, Eastbourne, has just been announced.

Photographs by Lafayette.



A JULY BRIDE-ELECT: MISS BRENDAN M. ST. LEGER.

Miss Brenda St. Leger (whose marriage to M. Achille Sabbe, late 1st Guides, Belgian Cavalry, is arranged to take place at the end of July) is the elder daughter of Major and Mrs. St. Leger, of Bragbury End, Knebworth.

Photograph by Bassano.

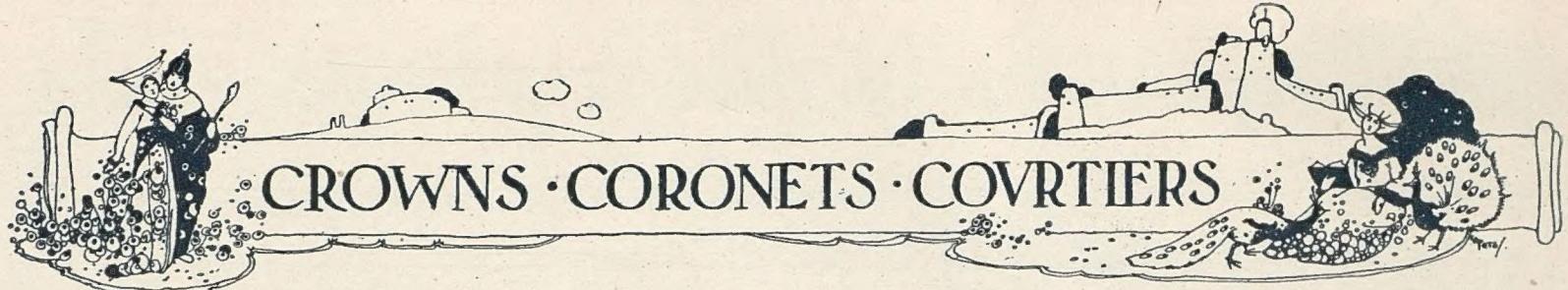
MILLIONAIRE'S DAUGHTER—AND COMPOSER OF A "TAILS UP" SONG.



COMPOSER OF THE SONG, "PETER PAN": MISS DORIS JOEL, DAUGHTER OF MR. "SOLLY" JOEL.

The success of "Tails Up!" at the Comedy Theatre, was immediate and unmistakable, and it is well deserved. The new production is described as "A Musical Entertainment," and lives up to its name in delightful fashion. The excellent acting is made all the more welcome by the

cleverness of the musical numbers, one of which, "Peter Pan," is by the lady of whom we give some new and attractive photographs: Miss Doris Joel. Miss Joel is a daughter of the well-known millionaire, Mr. "Solly" Joel, nephew of the late Mr. Barnato.



EVEN France in her most Republican moods has nothing but admiration for the friendship between our own Royal Family and the Empress Eugénie. It is now one of the great traditions of Friendship, maintained by succeeding generations of our royal house and the lady who was Victoria's guest at Buckingham Palace when both were the wearers of crowns. The King and Queen took the Princess Mary with them on their last visit to Farnborough, thus enriching her store of the memories that make history. The Duke of Connaught, always a favourite with the Empress, was also one of the party, so that three generations of English Royalties were present together at a meeting which was unique, also, in the vital import of the one absorbing subject of discussion.



WIFE OF A NEW C.M.G.: THE HON. MRS. NEVILLE HOOD.

The Hon. Mrs. Neville Hood is the wife of Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Neville Albert Hood, brother of Viscount Hood. Before her marriage she was Miss Eveline Mary Pender, daughter of Mr. Herman Usticke Pender, of Tresilian, Cornwall.

Photograph by Swaine.

*To Bee or
Not to Bee.*

Lord Avebury's books about bees have lately supplied King Manuel with his most entertaining reading. The hives inaugurated at Fulwell Park, Twickenham, are an experiment in royal apiation which brings the ex-King of Portugal into democratic line with the vast multitude of new food-producers in the country of his adoption; and his pride in that fact is one of the impressions carried away by his most recent visitors. Perhaps Queen Amelia's pride is of a different complexion; for Queens have their fill of flattery in the Queen Bee's supremacy over the mere males of the hive. Of a famous Scotch divine, who practised with equal gusto the arts of the prophet and the bee-keeper, it was wittily observed that he was more successful with his *bees* than with his *to-be's*. Nobody can foretell what King Manuel's future functions may yet be. Only this is certain—that if his former subjects ever express the wish to see him again, he will, on the instant, make a Bee-line back to Portugal.

Sir Willie

It seems only the other day that this admiring fellow-students at the Slade School were prophesying that, by brush or pen, Willie Orpen would make his mark. But somehow it never occurred to anyone to predict for him the career he has quite quickly accomplished. Whether he would, or would not, exhibit in the Academy, was then the problem; and now he is an A.R.A. Less even than in a top-hat did anyone foresee him in a helmet; and that he should be a Major and



AN ARDENT WAR-WORKER: MISS BENNETT.

Miss Bennett, who is an energetic worker in aid of various forms of benevolent efforts in connection with the war, is the only daughter of Mr. Percy Bennett, C.M.G., who has just been appointed Consul-General in Zurich.—[Photograph by Lallie Charles.]

her boast of being the only untitled one of four sisters—the Duchess of Montrose, Lady Verulam, and the first wife of Lord Crewe being the other three. The Dowager Lady Rosslyn, who saw three daughters of hers marry a Duke and a brace of Earls, is, I hear, greatly delighted with the wedding of her granddaughter, Miss Marigold Forbes, Lady Angela's elder girl, though the bridegroom, Sir Archibald Sinclair, is no baronet!

The Marriage of Marigold.

Mothers are sometimes credited with odd ambitions. But perhaps no mother of several daughters ever yet set her heart on securing a coronet for each of them. All the same, the coronet comes conqueringly along in the case of some groups of girls, and Mrs. George Faber, by her husband's acceptance of a peerage, has lost



IN CHARGE OF WOMAN-WORKERS' HUTS: LADY ALASTAIR INNES-KER.

Lady Alastair Innes-Ker is the wife of a brother of the Duke of Roxburghe, and was, before her marriage, Miss Anne Breese, daughter of the late Mr. W. L. Breese, of New York. She is in charge of Woman-Workers at St. James's Square Huts, in connection with the American Y.W.C.A.

Photograph by Bassano.

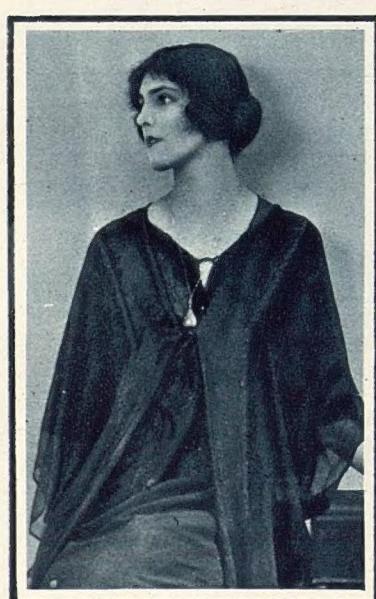
better than a baronet! And this is certain, that no Duke of them all could have offered her a more delightful and romantic home than Thurso Castle.



WIFE OF A NEW K.C.M.G.: LADY COGLAN.

Lady Coglan is the wife of Sir Timothy Augustine Coglan, lately Agent-General in London for New South Wales, who has been appointed a K.C.M.G. in the Birthday Honours List.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.



AN ASSIDUOUS WAR-WORKER:
MRS. A. E. GRANT.

Mrs. Grant, who is the wife of Captain A. E. Grant, of the Lancers, has been for some time past doing war-work at a hospital in Cavendish Square. Before her marriage she was Miss Bettine Stuart-Wortley.

Photograph by Hugh Cecil.

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THE LATEST FROM PARIS: SEEN IN THE BOIS.



SIMPLE; ECONOMICAL; CHIC: THE PARISIENNE'S DRESS IN WAR-TIME.

While bearing in mind the fact that economy and simplicity are the chief fashions for war-time dress, the Parisienne still contrives to be exceedingly *chic*. The frocks here illustrated were seen in the Bois recently, and all have "Paris" stamped upon them—notably, perhaps,

the black-and-white check shown in the first photograph; the coat and skirt, with one of the new waistcoats, seen in the fourth; the capes, which are much worn now; and the dress with innumerable tucks on the skirt portrayed in the ninth photograph.

Photographs by Givenchy.

"FAIR ATTITUDES": A "MOVIE" AND A MOVEMENT.



A GRACEFUL DANCER SEEN IN A NEW PICTURE-PLAY, "PRUNELLA": MISS MARGUERITE CLARK IN A PICTURESQUE SETTING.



"PURSUING THE WORLD": A PHOTOGRAPH WITH A WONDERFULLY MOVING EFFECT—
SHOWING MLL. ROshanara.

Movement is very difficult to represent by photography, and we give these two examples as being unusually successful efforts in that respect, especially the lower one. Another portrait of Mlle. Roshanara, the famous dancer, now appearing at the Winter Garden in New York, is given on a full-page

in this number, showing her in a stationary pose. Here she is seen, by way of contrast, very much "on the move," and looking like a symbolic figure of the wind. In her outstretched hands she grasps a crystal globe, so that she may be said to be "pursuing the world."

Photograph of Mlle. Roshanara by Mary Dale Clarke.

"BEHIND THE VEIL": AN IMPRESSION OF THE MOON FLOWER.



Roshanara.

A FAMOUS DANCER AT NEW YORK WINTER GARDEN: MLLÉ. ROshanara—A VERY ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPH.

Mlle. Roshanara, the famous dancer, is at present the chief attraction at the Winter Garden, New York, and she has also been seen recently at several of the Damrosch Symphony Concerts in that city. Her new dance, called "The Moon Flower," is an exquisite creation, showing

to the best advantage her grace and charm. She has, of course, many friends on this side of the Atlantic, and it is a matter of regret to her that she will be unable to revisit London for a while. Meantime, this charming camera-study recalls pleasant memories of her previous visits.

Photograph by Count J. de Strycker.

THE WEDDING OF THE EARL OF ST. GERMANS AND LADY BLANCHE SOMERSET



IN HER TRAVELLING-DRESS: THE COUNTESS OF ST. GERMANS
(FORMERLY LADY BLANCHE SOMERSET).



THE BRIDESMAIDS: (TOP ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT)
BETTY ELIOT, LADY MORVYTH WARD,
(ROW) MISS BETTY HARFORD AND

It may seem, perhaps, a little premature to designate any particular ceremony "the" wedding of the season, yet few, if any, which may be celebrated between now and the autumn are likely to be of more interest or importance than that of the Earl of St. Germans and Lady Blanche Somerset, which was celebrated at St. Margaret's, Westminster, last week. The bridegroom has served abroad since the early days of the war, and was awarded the Military Cross in 1916. The bride is the elder daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort. The church was prettily decorated with palms, maple, and many flowers, and troopers of the bridegroom's regiment formed a guard of honour, between the ranks of which Lady Blanche Somerset, with her father, the Duke of Beaufort, passed to the chancel, where Lord St. Germans and his best man, the Earl of Leven and Melville, were awaiting her. The bride wore a beautiful dress of silver tissue over charmeuse, with a train of old Brussels point, lined

LADY BLANCHE SOMERSET: BRIDE; GROOM; AND MAIDS.



(RIGHT) THE HON. IVY SOMERSET, MISS
AND LADY AVICE SACKVILLE; (LOWER
AND LADY DIANA SOMERSET.



THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM: CAPTAIN THE EARL OF
ST. GERMANES, M.C., AND LADY ST. GERMANES.

with silver, and was attended by quite a pre-war bevy of bridesmaids: Lady Diana Somerset (her sister), Miss Betty Harford (her cousin), the Hon. Ivy Somerset (cousin of the bride and bridegroom), Miss Betty Eliot (cousin of the bridegroom), Lady Morvith Ward, and Lady Avice Sackville, all of whom wore pale yellow georgette edged with silver. Small transparent hats of black gauze were worn, and each carried a bouquet of yellow tiger-lilies. The bridegroom's presents to the bridesmaids were pendants of red cornelian and jade. A small reception was afterwards held at 11, Portman Square, for relatives and intimate friends, after which Lord and Lady St. Germans left for Walmer Castle, lent for the honeymoon by Earl and Countess Beauchamp. Princess Arthur of Connaught and the Marquess and Marchioness of Carisbrooke were present in the distinguished congregation. The ushers were Baron de Tuyll, Mr. Christian Eliot, the Hon. Sir Arthur Walsh, Viscount Ednam, Major Brinton, and Captain Burton.

THE CANTER - COMEDY "TAILS UP!" A



FROM "THE APACHE RAG" TO "WILD THYME," WITH "THE TWINKLE IN HER

The new revue at the Comedy, "Tails Up!" is by way of being a modern dramatic counterpart of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales." Instead of pilgrims foregathering in a monastery or a wayside hostelry, we start with a mixed crowd of Londoners taking refuge in a cab-shelter from a thunderstorm. Someone suggests passing the time by telling tales, which the company proceeds to act. Miss Teddie Gerard is as vivacious as usual, and has a number of good songs. In "The

HEROINE OF NEO-CHAUCERIAN REVUE.



EYE": MISS TEDDIE GERARD IN "TAILS UP!" AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.

Journalist's Tale of the Deserted Park," she sings "The Twinkle in Her Eye," and in "The Continued Tale of the Deserted Park," a duet with Mr. Clifford Cobbe, called "Wild Thyme." The first Act closes with her song, "The Curfew." In the second Act she gives two of her best—"Let's All Go Raving Mad" in "The Tuneful Tale in the Blue-and-Gold Room," and "The Apache Rag" in "The Tuneful Tale Continued."—[Photographs by Malcolm Arbuthnot.]



THE FLIGHTY WIFE.

O fly or not to fly? The question is still in the air for us flightless females. I quite agree that it is one that may very well cause men to pause and ponder. They have been told and sung so often, poor dears, that "La Donna e mobile," like the feather in the wind, that they hesitate to entrust her with a pair of wings, however willing they may be to call her an angel! You see, for a wife to run away was sometimes difficult (though I have heard it said that it could be done—and, indeed, had been done). There were, however, boxes to pack with just a few of her gayest rags, and then there was her ticket to take—and you all know how women loathe taking their ticket; but, with an aeroplane in the back-garden, any conjugal *pique* might have conséquences. Instead of threatening tearfully she was going back to her mother, and then letting herself be mollified with judiciously placed persuasion, such as a kiss on the nape of her neck, Madame might slip into her goggles, mount her machine, and be up and off until she vanished into thin air. If you give her an aeroplane, the flighty wife may come to stay, so to speak!

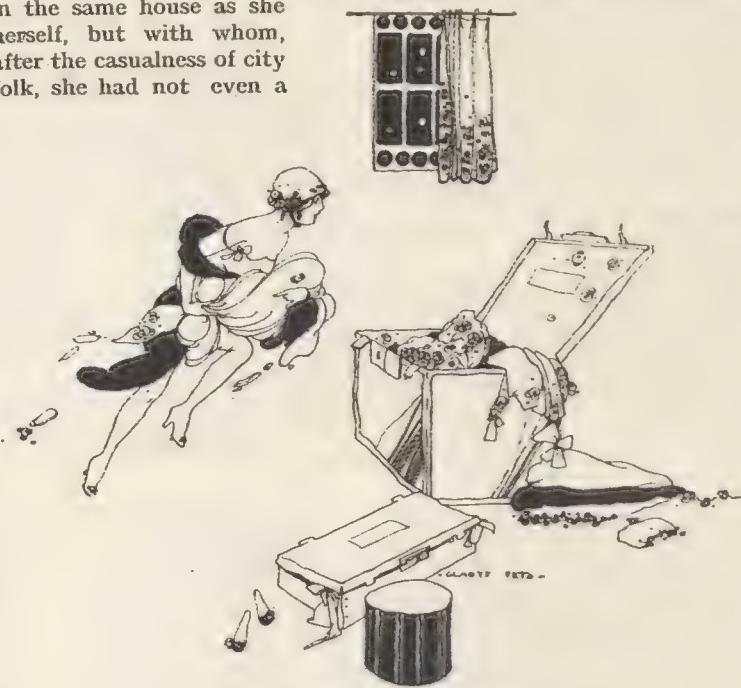
Not apropos at all, I went the other day—the other night, rather—to a very small, very select, and surprisingly simple little party, as pyjama parties should be. It was given by some of your gay Guardsmen on lively leave, and so well planned and prepared that those of us, guests and guestesses, who either, through the wish not to shock conservative husbands or mediæval mothers, had come in the orthodox evening dress, or who had not donned pyjamas for the simple reason that they generally wear the other thing—we, as I was saying, were provided with the *de rigueur* garments on our arrival. There were a whole assortment of pyjamas of all kinds, sizes, patterns, and colours spread for us on the—sideboard, was it?—all ready, down to the last button. All went well; everybody behaved as primly as pyjamas would let them—it certainly is easier to do the twinkle and the Tickle toe in pyjies than in skirts—and the party ended with the decorum of a Duchess's "At Home," not even a pillow-fight for the sake of atmosphere!

Pierrette of Paris writes me gossip of the Big Berthas and other unpleasant visitations. She says that the bombing and bombardment have now become so much *l'ordre du jour* and of night that people have installed themselves down to that state of things—that Mme. Bréval, for instance, the Opera singer, has had a piano carried to her cellar and gives some

perfectly enchanting concerts to her intimate friends on raid nights. So charming, indeed, that when the raid is over the friends unanimously and flatteringly exclaim, "Already finished! Oh, Mme. Bréval, how beautiful it was! You were in such fine form tonight!"—a remark applied to the artist's voice, of course!

Many littérateurs, poets, and men of the pen have had their cellars fitted as a study—a bureau, a typewriting machine, and no time is wasted during the sleepless hours.

Pierrette says that, through the introduction of Big Bertha, she has actually *met* her neighbours—people who had lived for years in the same house as she herself, but with whom, after the casualness of city folk, she had not even a



"There were boxes to pack."

bowing acquaintance. What she does not know about the modes, manners, means, and morals of her co-locataires after a few conversazioni in the cellar is probably not worth knowing!

Lately Pierrette went to the country for a week. When she came back to the cellar circle again, said the loquacious lady of the lot impressively, "Mademoiselle, you missed one of the most terrible raids we have had."

"Many casualties?" inquired Pierrette anxiously.

"I don't know about casualties," said the loquacious one; "but the noise—why, you could not hear yourself talk!"

There are cellars and cellars; some are well composed and dry, while others are composed of dry people—when it is so, it is regrettable. Of course, *le beau monde* can be trusted among the barrels of Beaune or Bordeaux; but *tout le monde* is not the *beau monde*, and to spend a summer night in a cellar seems to be an invitation from Fate to the *connoisseur* or common man!

Upon which delicate subject a reader sends me the following cutting, which I am translating, hoping it may make you smile—and not sigh and wish England were a wine-producing country—

“THE WINE CRISIS.

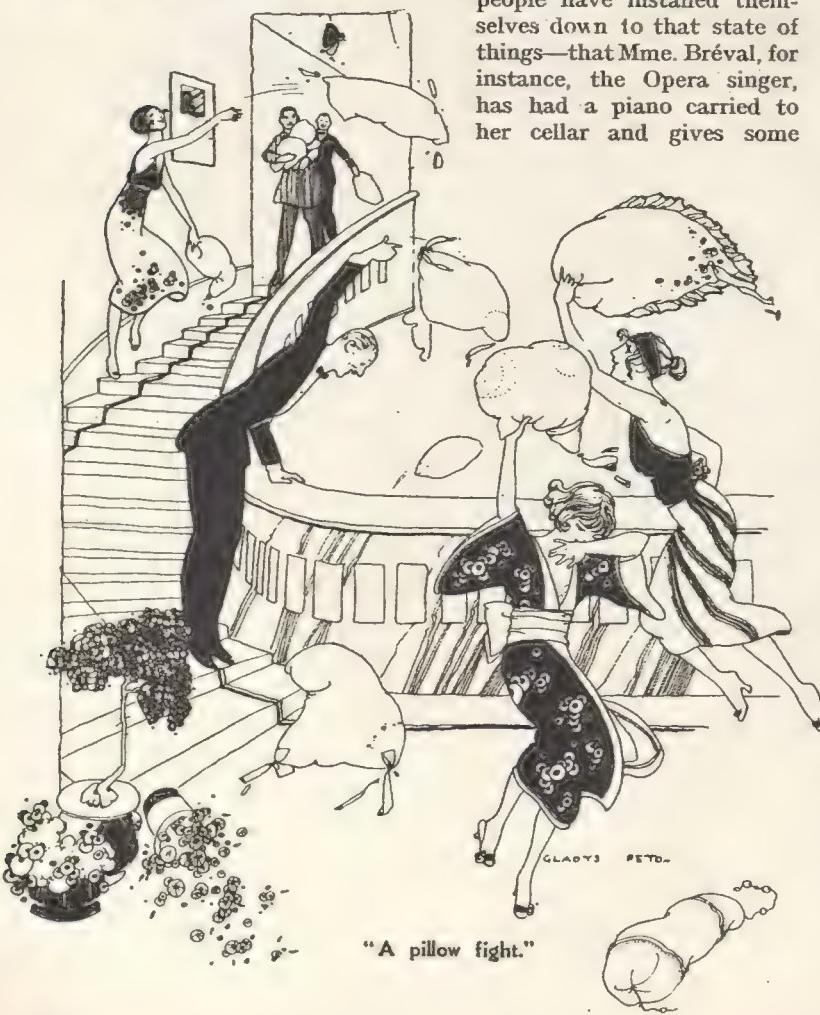
"It is a secret to no one that from prehistoric times the price of wine has gone up without ever diminishing. To-day the crisis has reached its maximum.

"Sardanapalus, history says, was a man who liked to smoke his pipe while drinking a glass of wine." (We learn every day.) "Many of us are Sardanapalians in that respect, and feel saddened, first, that wine should be so expensive, and, secondly, that there should be no wine." (A hopeless combination!)

"It is not without danger (to the wine) that two millions of Parisians should descend in cellars almost every night, and the Government, in its wisdom, is contemplating strong measures—one of which is the blocking-up of the cellar apertures so that no one could get in from the outside."

But, in that case, would not the danger be for the Parisians, if not for the wine? A very vicious circle! Methinks the Parisians will continue to touch wood and trust to luck!

True, the house of the Wise was of glass, but we are not told that glass took the form of bottles



"A pillow fight."

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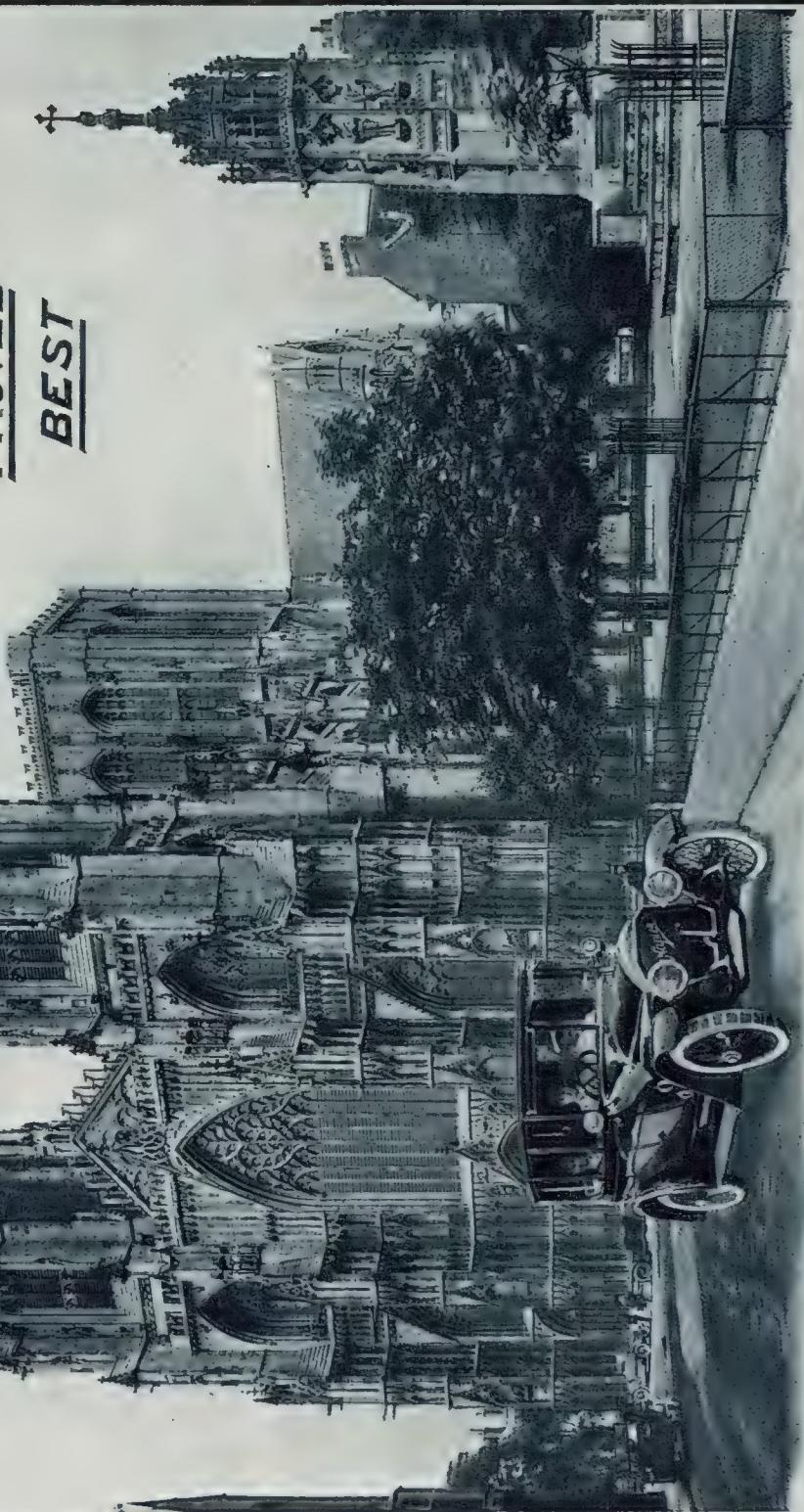
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THE FASTIDIOUS CUSTOMER: I always hold myself very upright when walking, so you must allow for that.
THE TAILOR: Yes, Sir; just so. You walks with your chest well out—like this.



*From Photo
by R. a. Martin.*

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THE sweetness and charm of Lily Elsie's unique personality are wonderfully expressed in her singing. She sings as she acts, without affectation and with grace and finish of style. "His Master's Voice" records of her beautiful voice are treasures which should be found in the home of everyone who loves music—and Lily Elsie.

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AIRCRAFT IN AMERICA AND AT THE FRONT.

By C. G. GREY, *Editor of "The Aeroplane."*

CONSIDERABLE interest seems to have arisen of late in the possibilities of air-raids on New York, in view of the attacks by a German submarine on American coastwise shipping. One learns that New York is to be darkened even as London is darkened! That, at any rate, will serve to bring home to frivolous-minded New Yorkers the horrors of war, much as the darkening of London served to impress on the unimaginative Englishman the fact that there was a war in progress somewhere in the vicinity. Not that one would accuse New Yorkers in general of being frivolous. In fact, if anything, the American is a trifle apt to take war too seriously. The set and stern face of the American soldier when seen *en masse* strikes one as almost unnecessarily solemn when compared with the constitutional gaiety of the French *poilu*, or the humorous grousing of the English Tommy, who, despite his humour, insists on maintaining the Englishman's right to grumble.

New York Ready for Air-Raids. Still, it is just as well for New York to have a taste of our Cimmerian darkness. For one thing, it will save all the perfectly good coal which is wasted in producing those eye-destroying lights on Broadway. But whether there is any real need for such darkening is another matter. It is impossible to hide any big town absolutely, even on the darkest night, except when it is under fog, and a city like New York, which is situated so conspicuously at the junction of two great rivers, could not be hidden even if one camouflaged it by growing forests on the tops of all the skyscrapers. Broadway, with all its lights out, would look like a cañon between the two rivers, so for all the hiding it can do it

the American millionaire, with the intention of flying the Atlantic.

The Air Position at the Front. So far as one can gather from the people who have come home recently, aerial affairs on the West Front are progressing quite satisfactorily, though, of course, that is no reason for not continuing to search for improvements. Perfection is never humanly attainable, and, though we are undeniably ahead of the Hun both with our aeroplanes and engines, we always have something better coming along. And, of course, so has the Hun. They say that some of his new two-seater machines are quite nasty things to tackle in the air, though they do not, apparently, present so much difficulty to our fighting pilots as our own two-seaters—such as, say, the later Bristols and de Havillands—present to the Hun fighting machines.



A BIG GERMAN RAIDER BROUGHT DOWN IN FRANCE:
A TAIL VIEW.—[Official Photograph.]

The Mobility of Aircraft.

One of the most interesting and illuminating of the news paragraphs of late was that which told how, for the first two days of the German attack on the Aisne, the German Air Force, for a change, had things pretty well their own way; and how, as soon as this was discovered, a number of the crack fighting squadrons of the French Aviation Service were promptly sent off to clear the air—and did it. This little incidental paragraph only emphasises the immense advantage of having a really big Air Force, for it shows how the tide of affairs can be turned quickly by means of aircraft.

Air Forces versus Ground Forces.

No one with any knowledge of aeronautics would pretend that air forces alone could hold up an army on the ground; but if the forces in the air are adequate, a great deal can be done to hamper the troops on the ground. Continual bombing of railways, ammunition-dumps, and concentrations of troops, prevents the fighting line from being adequately supplied; continual machine-gunning and bombing of troops and transport on the road assist still further to this end.

Night Air-Reconnaissance.

A very important point in connection with the German advance on the Aisne, and the surprise attack which made it possible, was discussed by Lieutenant-Colonel Repington in a recent article in the *Morning Post*. He emphasised the importance of reconnaissance at night in view of the fact that practically all the big movements of troops on the German side of the line take place in the dark. Night-flying is now a regular part of every aviator's work, and the Germans have apparently been doing quite a good deal of short-range night reconnaissance, using parachute-flares to light up the ground below them. In view of the importance of watching troop movements far behind the front, it rather looks as if this type of work on a big scale, and at long range, will be one of the next big developments of the war in the air.



SALVING BOMBS FROM A WRECKED GERMAN PLANE: R.A.F. MEN AT WORK ON THE WESTERN FRONT.—[Official Photograph.]

might almost as well keep its lights on. All the same, air-raids on New York are quite a possibility if the Hun in his Hunnishness thinks they are worth while. There is no grave difficulty in the way if anyone particularly wants to carry a seaplane in a submarine.

The U.S. Naval Air Service. Such operations off the Atlantic coast of America would probably be fairly hazardous, however; and one believes that ordinary submarine warfare in those seas will be promptly met, for, whatever may be the state of American military aviation, the American naval air service is probably second only to our own. Also, America has had all along less to learn from us concerning sea flying than she has had about land flying. The first flying ever done off water was done by Glenn Curtiss in California, off San Diego; and the flying-boat, which many believe to be the only type of water-borne flying machine which is likely to survive, was practically developed to its present form by the Curtiss firm. Mr. Curtiss, in conjunction with Lieutenant John Porte, R.N., produced during the year before the war a huge flying-boat built to the order of Mr. Wanamaker,

Notes on Novelties.

NOW that the warm weather has really arrived, everyone is anxious to buy something pretty to wear. There is a feeling for bright touches of colour; a relief to the somewhat sombre hues of our tailored suits, which is the accepted costume for street wear to-day. June flowers for decoration, and for hats in lovely colourings have a department all to themselves at Harrods. As visitors pass through they linger and unconsciously stoop down to smell the blooms, so true to Nature are they.

Floating Flowers

Economy forbids the purchase of Dame Nature's products for the decoration of our rooms. Not only has money to be considered, but time in the care of them. Now these delightful flowers of Harrods need no attention after the first arrangement. This should be remembered when gifts are sent to hospitals and canteens. A most charming feature is provided by the floating flowers. There are Queen Alexandra's roses for 1/- each; water-lilies for 5/-; and anemones for 2/3. To render the bowl more like a pond, there are petals and leaves which may be strewn on the water with artistic negligence. Sprays of banksia roses, orchids, and all the flowers that, in pre-war days, were seen at Hampton Court, are represented.

Floral Toques

Floral toques are decidedly fashionable, and are never seen to greater advantage than when reinforced with a wisp of tulle, which is permitted to camouflage the toque itself; or it can be draped round the throat, lightly resting on the shoulders. Harrods toques really do represent marvellous value for 29/6; or, should it be preferred, there are, for the same price, ostrich-feather toques, endowed with an indelible cachet which places them on a plane apart.

Surrounds of Flowers

These most useful and charming "surrounds" are made of massed blooms relieved with spikes of foliage, or they are of tulle decorated with aerophane and muslin flowers. The price of the former is from 25/-, and the latter from 15/9.

Odds and Ends of Millinery Interest

Tulle crowns, which are accorded a high place in the modistic world, look remarkably well with a surround of flowers, or a tulle band. Another aid in renovating a hat is the ostrich-feather ruching; it is destined for the adornment of the brim. It is made in various widths and designs, so that it harmonises with same. In some cases it conceals the edge of the brim, in others it forms a lame, or it may be that it hides the line of union between the brim and the crown. A novelty are the ostrich-feather pom-poms in many colours, which are destined to be shrouded with tulle and then introduced in unexpected places on the hat. Furthermore, there is a veritable *embarras de choix* in ribbon and other bands decorated with motifs of all kinds, including beads and aerophane flowers.

It is Necessary to Knit

For almost every woman, needlework has a certain fascination. Perhaps her appreciation of the art comes as a heritage from many generations of women who have plied their needle with quick-fingered skill and had a quiet delight in making perfect stitches. Since the commencement of the war, there has been no time for fine needlework. Knitting socks and comforts for men on active service is, however, a bounden duty. Harrods have large stocks of pure wool for this purpose from 6/11 to 14/0 a lb. As everyone knows, the supply of good wool is limited; hence orders should be placed for it at once. Expert needlewomen attend in this department, and are always willing to help anyone in difficulties regarding the making of the comforts.

Work for the Soldiers

Men in the hospitals as well as in the convalescent homes find the days long and monotonous, therefore many of them are turning to needlework. They are always intensely interested in canvas work. Harrods are specialising in materials for it: there are belts, mats, kettle-holders, etc. Among the most interesting designs printed on them are the flags of the Allies and regimental badges. Instead of wool, cotton and silk are used for working the canvas.

Cushion Covers

Cushions and their covers always form an important part of the room, and in the warm weather there is nothing which has a cooler appearance than white muslin or voile. Either of these materials washes beautifully. In a variety of designs they are to be obtained from 2/11½ to 30/-.

BEAUTIFUL UTILITIES AT HARRODS

How, at the stern touch of War, the Beautiful has been reinforced by Usefulness, and the Useful by Beauty is delightfully exemplified at Harrods in the Brompton Rd.



J. 31 F.—9-ct. gold keyless lever watch, suède straps, reliable jewelled lever movement, £6 10s.; fine quality silver ditto, £4 7s. 6d.



P.S. 5384.—Tortoiseshell and silver-mounted smelling-salts bottles; height 2½ in., 31/6; 2½ in., 38/6; 3½ in., 44/1; 3½ in., 55/-



F.J. 708. Beautifully set French paste brooch, with pearl centre and drop, 21/-; smaller sizes, 16/6, 12/9.



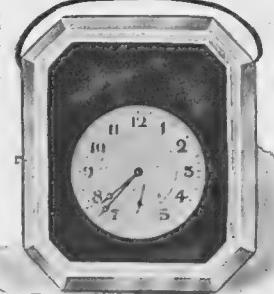
J. 30 F.—18-ct. gold keyless lever watch with suède straps, fine quality jewelled lever movement, £11 10s.; 9-ct. gold ditto, £9.



J. 32 F.—18-ct. gold keyless watch with black moiré silk wristlet, high-grade jewelled lever movement, £14; similar shape watches with suède straps, in silver, from £3 15s.



P.S. 5334.—Tortoiseshell and silver mounted scent bottles. Height 4½ in., 32/6.



P.S. 5386.—Tortoiseshell and sterling silver-mounted watch-case, with 30-hour watch, 3½ by 2½ in., £2 8s.



F.J. 735. Stone drop earrings (9-ct. gold wires or screws) matching necklets, 8/6 and 6/6.



F.L. 9.—Ladies' silk handbag, lined givrine, inner division lined kid, various colours, 32/6.



HARRODS BATH. SPECIALITIES.
Sels Aromatiques pour le bain—(Harrod)
'Sonia,'—'Sonia,'—'The Tudor Rose,'—
'Violette Modeste.' Bottles, 2/6, 5/6, 12/6,
27/6; Tins, 6/6, 12/6, 24/6 42/-
Sels Aromatiques Comprimés pour le bain
(Harrod) Compressed Bath Salts Tablets,
2/6 per box of 12 tablets; perfumed with
'Sonia,' 'Sonia,' 'The Tudor Rose,' 'Verbena,'
or 'Violette.' Savon pour le bain (Harrod), well
perfumed & of finest quality, 6 large tabs
in box; per box 8/6. Or in turned wood
bowls 8 in. diam. 17/6; oil diam. 21/6; Whisks,
1½ extra. In
'Cologne Russie,'
'Silhouette,'
'Sonia,' 'The
Tudor Rose,' Selected Honey
comb Bath Sponges, 3/6,
4/6, 6/6, 12/6, to
32/6.

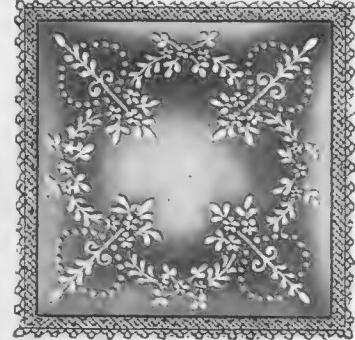


F.L. 5.

Ladies' fitted leather handbag, lined givrine, with gilt inner division, lined kid, black, blue, & brown, 42/-; unfitted, 38/6.



F.L. 11.—French beaded handbag for theatre wear, 70 0; latest Parisian models up to £15 15s.



A.N.W. 8.—White muslin cushion cover, embroidered in many designs, 5/-.



A.N.W. 200
Woven artificial silk bag. Smart designs in all shades. Lined silk, 8/11, 9/6, 10/6, 11/6.

F.L. 6.—Faïille silk vanity bag, lined Chambagne givrine, with covered inner division. Fitted puff and mirror, blue, black, & mole, 41/6.

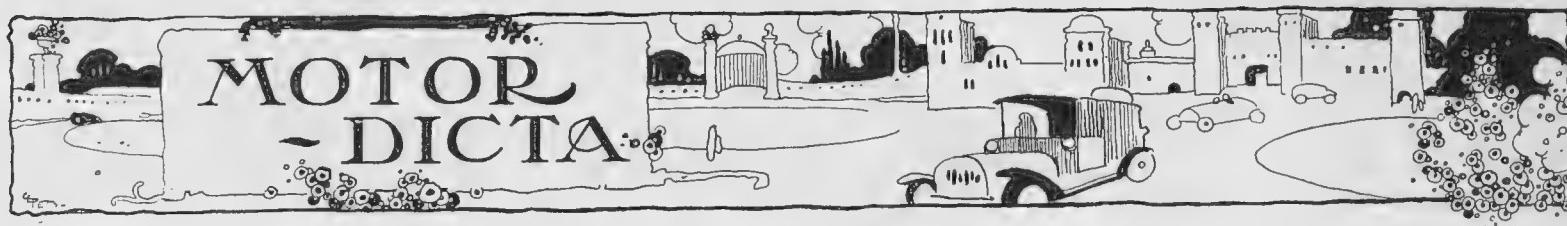
Lady's fitted case, finest quality blue morocco leather, lined rich quality blue moiré to match; completely fitted with engine-turned silver. Complete, with waterproof cover. Size 20 by 15 by 7, £45



Lady's Week-end Case. Made in Harrods' own workshops. Fitted with drawn pockets for bottles, brushes, etc. Made in blue, green, and purple morocco, lined moiré silk, or in dark brown hide; lined brown, green, or purple. 10 in. long—£4 15 0
18 " " 5 7 6
20 " " 5 17 6
22 " " 6 10 6
24 " " 6 10 6
16 in. has one lever lock, and 24 in. two lever locks.



HARRODS LONDON



NO BLACK BOOK: POST-WAR PLANS: A SUGGESTION FROM KANSAS.

By GERALD BISS.

AS the result of my paragraph a fortnight ago anent the mooted Index Expurgatorius Automobilensis I have received two severe strafings—one in the form of a letter as long as the Epistle to the Corinthians from my good friend Arthur Goodwin, of the famous C.A.V., late Chairman of the M.T.A., written more in sorrow than in anger; and the other in the shape of a special leader in that admirable organ the *Motor Trader*, the latter more in anger than in sorrow. With regard to the former, it has drawn a very satisfactory result, as I am assured frankly and officially—things which do not always march hand in hand—that the suggestion of such a black list of unreasonable customers was never considered in responsible quarters, and emanated from some unofficial "hot-heads" in garagedom. It is very satisfactory, as I say, to have drawn this assurance, and I gladly give it publicity; and it is, if I dare say so after my strafings, somewhat of a pity that it was not officially scotched before.

Further, if it had not been given undesired publicity and ventilated in the interests of owners, there is no saying that it might not have gathered enough strength to become a thorn in the official side of the more sober-minded administrators of the trade interests. Therefore, apparently, everything has, for once, fallen out for the best in this best of worlds.

The M.T.A.:

My own position in the matter (and all other automobile matters) is perfectly clear and simple. Every line I write is dictated by what I consider, rightly or wrongly, the best interests of the motor-user—hence an apologia, in lieu of an apology. The M.T.A. in its young and struggling days had no keener supporter in the Press than I was, desiring the consolidation of such a trade body on sound financial lines and straightforward fundamental principles as much in the interests of the owner as the trader; and I never fell foul of them until a year ago, when they put themselves into a co-partnership upon a percentage basis with the real petrol controllers, which I held—and still hold, bad creature that I am—to be to the detriment not only of the amateur owner, but of the best interests of motoring itself. Must I, willy-nilly, subscribe to their articles of faith? In conclusion, exception has been taken by these touchy folk to the use of the term "Sinn Fein" in connection with their trade union and its policy. What does "Sinn Fein" mean? Is not every trade union "themselves for themselves"? Or why a union of common interests as an alliance both offensive and defensive against conflicting interests outside?

After the War? An optimist ever by temperament, and unbroken still by the war, I nevertheless try to curb that glad-eye trait lest I be let down again with a nasty bump.

But is not there a touch of hope, a ray of light ahead, in the fact that the Ministry of Reconstruction (*per pro* Mr. H. C. B. Underdown, its chief representative as regards motors, and Chairman of the British Manufacturers' Association, to say nothing of Controller of Agricultural Machinery at the M.O.M.) gently suggests in an official letter applications for release of material and labour for the production of experimental post-war models? Perhaps by 1938 we may hope once more to lunch at Brighton per automobile, and by 1948 to have resumed Continental touring in such parts of it as are still left. However, everything is improbable, but nothing impossible, in these days. Anyhow, it means that our manufacturers will toe the starting-line in the great hour of the resumption of commercial hostilities with the goods and not the promises. Any country that fails so to do practically goes out of business. Hence the bulge we have on Hans the Hun, erstwhile peaceful penetrator,

but nowadays hell on hind legs.

A Kansas Brain-Wave.

The Secretary of State for Kansas, U.S.A., in order to cope with the constant thefts of cars in America, suggests that every motor-owner should take out a title-deed for his automobile on the lines of real estate. It is some idea certainly; but I would not mind laying *some* odds that this Kansas reformer is a lawyer of the deepest dye. Think of the additional source of revenue to the six-and-eightpenny attorney if deeds have to be

drafted whereby we hold our cars in fee simple; or entail automobiles as they used to do family estates before the present wise fashion for selling them set in. Or, worse still, fancy forgetting to specify the ultimate destination of your beloved auto, and leaving it to be divided up into two-sevenths here, and three-elevenths there! This brain-wave from Kansas has great possibilities—especially from the law-monger's point of view. What price a Ford on a seven, fourteen, or twenty-one years' full repairing lease?

A Handler of Millions.

Sir Arthur du Cros (who, since the retirement of "Harvey Senior," has been the very practical and successful head of the huge Dunlop Tyre Company, which seems to play with millions as easily as, and possibly more practically than, an average Chancellor of the Exchequer) has been appointed chairman of the company, a step which will only surprise people in that it was not taken before. Brother George, since his return from the front, where Brother Willie and he—the original "W. and G." of taxidom—did such famous work with their volunteer ambulance corps, has been appointed chief of staff and head executive officer at H.Q.: Dunlop, Somewhere near Brum.



A MOTOR FIRE-ENGINE AT BAGHDAD: SOLDIER-FIREMEN AT DRILL.

Official Photograph.



For Our Fighting Men

THE sustaining qualities of Delecta Watford Chocolate and its delicious flavour have made it the popular favourite with our Soldiers and Sailors everywhere. It's such a handy, wholesome ration when other foods and supplies are difficult to obtain. Our boys at every front should insist upon Delecta Watford Chocolate at their canteen.

A very large proportion of the output of Delectaland is set aside for this purpose, but limited supplies are now available at many confectioners.

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CHOCOLATE

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GOODRICH INNER TUBES
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ASK YOUR STOCKIST.

Kiamil Cigarettes

Kiamil Cigarettes set an absolutely new standard in cigarette excellence. Perfectly made and perfectly blended, the Egyptian from the finest selected Turkish, the Virginian from the purest North Carolina Virginia Tobacco.

One of the characteristics of the blending of Kiamils is that they never irritate the throat and cannot cause coughing,—no artificial flavouring, only the natural flavour of the tobacco.

You may smoke as many as you wish and your mouth will never become bitter, but will always remain perfectly sweet.

Try them yourself and be convinced.

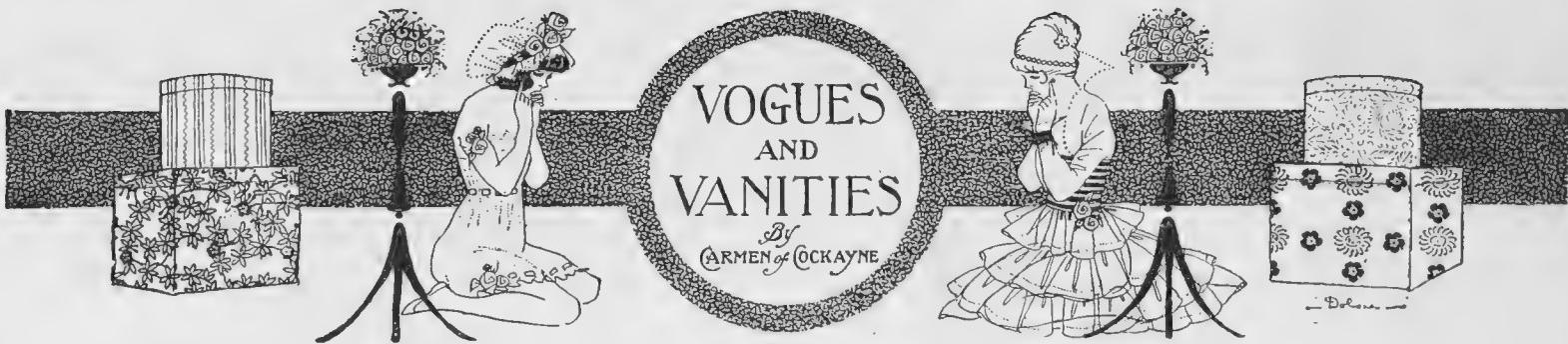
Until recently they have been supplied exclusively to the British Expeditionary Forces, but they are now obtainable of all leading Tobacconists, Stores, Clubs, and Restaurants.

N.B.—The quality of Kiamil Cigarettes will always be maintained at its present high standard as only the very finest class of tobacco is stocked.

EGYPTIAN BLEND. One quality only. Special Size 1. **VIRGINIA BLEND.** One quality only. Special Size 2.
100—**12/6**, 50—**6/4**, 25—**3/3**. 100—**9/6**, 50—**4/10**, 20—**2/2**.

Prices in Bond for the Expeditionary Forces and Navy:
Egyptian, 100, **8/-**
Virginia, 100, **5/6**.

Sole Manufacturer : J. CLEMENT.
Offices—Mincing Lane House, E.C. 3.
Factories—7, Rangoon St., E.C. 3.;
40, Great Prescott St., E. 1.



Hard-Working Woman.

Women are hard workers. Nobody thought so before the war. Quite a lot of people went to a good deal of trouble in the effort to prove them merely vain and frivolous. Almost as many people—chiefly men—did their best to make them so. But the war has changed all that. There have, of course, been failures; but, on the whole, women have shown that they are able and willing to "stay the course," however long the war or however disagreeable the tasks they may be asked to perform. But, with all her courage and perseverance, Eve is, in the long run, only human. She may—and does—wear her blue or khaki, or any other garb of war, with a good grace. If she does indulge, now and again, in a sigh for the "frillies" of peace time, it is only in the privacy of her own room; and nobody, not even she herself, is a penny the worse. But the hardest worker needs a holiday sometimes, and one of the times is in summer.

The Holiday Instinct.

Sir Albert Stanley is a great man. He may, and does, interfere with the comfort of hundreds and thousands of harmless season-ticket holders; but it is a bold man who would stand between an Englishwoman and the summer holiday which tradition and habit have transformed into one of the things in life which simply can't be done without. Even Sir Albert hasn't ventured to forbid a woman to go to the sea, or wherever her fancy may choose to take her. He merely warns her, through the railway authorities, that the travelling process may be an uncomfortable one. But who ever heard of a woman remaining at home if she wanted to go elsewhere, simply because officialdom was obliged to strew her path with difficulties?

To the Silver Sea.

Most women have decided to take a holiday this summer. Many of them have made up their minds to indulge in the yearly flirtation with Neptune; and the people who make bathing-dresses seem more than ever determined to help them to do it in the most becoming clothes. The artist in bathing-gowns—one can only judge by results—has, quite evidently, no patience with the kind of art that in any way helps to conceal beauty. Working on the principle that you can't see too much of a good thing, he has evolved toilettes for the sea whose beauty is as patent as their brevity is undeniable. The old-fashioned bathing-dress, with its hampering length and obstructive tunic, has gone the way of the crinoline and the bustle. The new-fashioned garment is intended, as Dolores' sketches show, to give freedom to the wearer and more than a passing glimpse of beauty to an admiring world.

Silk and Smartness. Smartness in the sea is as essential as out of it, and so it is not surprising to find the most modish bathing-toilettes made of the silk Milanese so extensively used for the popular jumper. The modern maiden, if she

wants to seek Neptune's embraces dressed "in the latest fashion," should have a suit of black Milanese like the one Dolores shows, with a cherry, or emerald-green, or blue border just to help relieve possible monotony. A suit in any other material might look as well, but would lose at least three-quarters of its *chic*—a contingency which few women could face with equanimity. But Nature is not always kind. There are times when the kindly camouflage of a well-cut tunic is as welcome as, from the aesthetic point of view, it is advisable. But the bathing-suit maker is ready for any emergency, and costumes like the checked one shown on this page (it is blue and white, with a collar to match the shade of the checks) have been especially designed for the "full habit" that finds the silken embraces of Milanese too close to be altogether becoming; and, of course, there are striped taffeta models, as well as serge ones, for women unable to afford the luxury of silk.

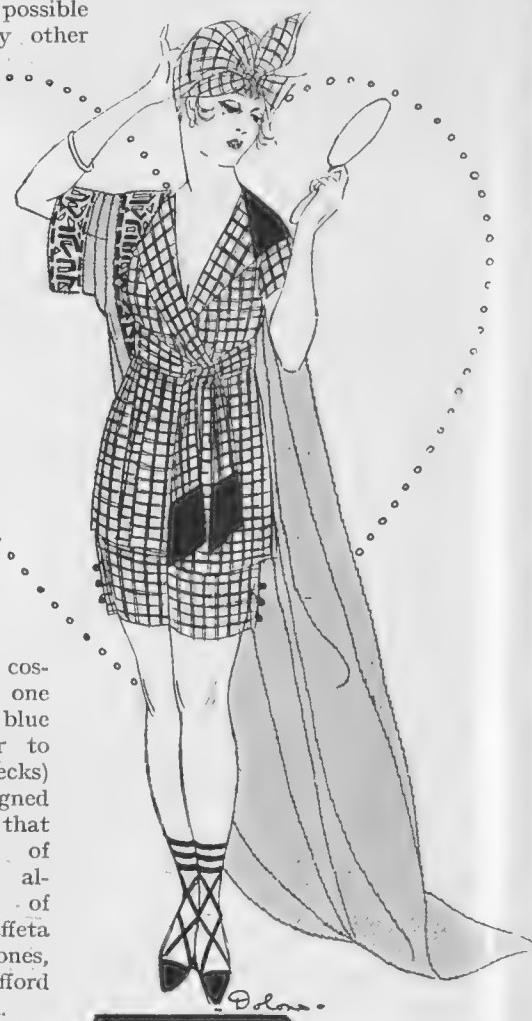
Dresses of All Kinds.

But it takes more than two dresses, however attractive, to make a bathing mode, and even the smartest sea suit is, as Debenham and Freebody's in Wigmore Street can easily prove, incomplete without the minor accessories necessary to the completion of the perfect whole. There is the cap, question. Debenham's blend utility with beauty in the most becoming fashion by providing triangular pieces of rubberised satin as garniture for the homely rubber cap, which needs a little outside help if its wearer is to escape the suspicion of plainness. Jade-green satin with white spots—or, alternatively, satin with a blue or black or cherry-coloured background—can be had in the Wigmore Street salons, where also satins with Paisley designs are included in the department that caters for the needs of the swimming woman or of the one whose morning "dip" more often resolves itself into a promenade on the sands varied with a little mild paddling.



A little bit of Milanese goes a long way towards achieving smartness for the sea.

Wrap Wrinkles. A bath-wrap, as well as black satin bathing-shoes, are essential to the complete bather. So far as the former go, Turkish towelling, besides being light, lends itself readily to all sorts of colour-schemes. The one shown here is white with a gaily coloured border for variety, but it by no means represents the limit of ingenuity possessed by the maker of sea suits.



This suit is white taffetas checked with blue, and the collar as well as the ends of the girdle are blue, too. The bath-robe of white towelling has the gayest of borders.



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Voile, £3 15 6 Shantung, £4 14 6
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PROTECT YOUR COMPLEXION DURING THE SUMMER.

The Sun's brilliant rays wage their unmerciful war upon the complexion. Prepare your skin to withstand their attack. A few drops of

BEETHAM'S La-rola

(The best substitute for Glycerine)

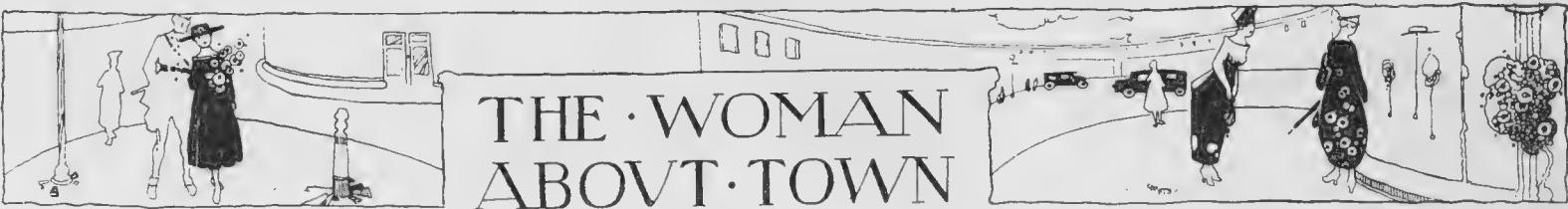
regularly applied will keep your hands and face quite free from Roughness, Redness, Irritation, and Tan, and will soon produce a complexion as Smooth and Soft as Velvet. Try the wonderful effect of La-rola upon your skin. You can obtain it from all chemists in bottles at 1/12.

PALE COMPLEXIONS

may be greatly improved by just a touch of "LA-ROLA" Rose Bloom, which gives a perfectly natural tint to the cheeks. No one can tell it is artificial. It gives THE BEAUTY SPOT! Boxes 1/-

M. BEETHAM & SON,
CHELTENHAM,
ENGLAND.





Roses, Roses,
All the Way.

Fair is to be held there for the British Ambulance Committee, which has equipped and maintained, since war began, 120 ambulances to carry wounded French soldiers from danger to safety. Some have to be replaced, many have to be repaired—altogether, four years has wrought great damage—and the Flower Fair will be the means, it is hoped, of continuing this help to our splendid Allies.

The Duke of Portland, President of the Committee, will open the Fair on the 20th, Admiral Lord Beresford on the 21st, and it will go on until the 26th. The stalls will be under creeper-clad roofs, there will be a fine show of flowers by celebrated growers, and fruit and vegetables to buy. Mr. George Robey and Miss Violet Loraine will hold auctions. There will be no charge for admission. Some Fair—what?

Nothing Like Brown Leather. Brown leather boots and shoes are very dear and very scarce, yet the Q.M.A.A.C.s and the Penguins have to wear them when in uniform. There is always a supply of Delta war-time boots and shoes for women at Government prices: boots, 22s., and shoes, 18s.—laces, of course, extra. These can be ordered from Lotus, Ltd., Stafford, the makers also of the celebrated Lotus boots and shoes. So much brown leather now goes with the multi-million miles of khaki that is worn that it is not always in stock, but it can be had by order. It has been noticed how very neatly the girls of these services are usually shod, and this is due largely to the great popularity of the Lotus and Delta shoes—owing, of course, to their all-round excellence of make, cut, and quality. What would the Huns not give now for such foot-wear?

Blus' ing to Find It Profit. Adam and Eve's gardening suits

of skins strike one as rather too conducive to the sweat of the brow, especially in that climate. We are supplied with cooler clothing for the cult of the bean, the tomato, and the lettuce. A brown holland coat from Debenham and Freebody's is so nice that one feels like doing gardening to justify wearing it. It has a white piqué collar and hand-veined bib, and is made in the firm's own workshops; it costs only 21s. 9d., and can also be had in striped cotton crepon or zephyrs. It has capacious pockets, for a gardener needs all sorts of things at hand. Gardening is one of the most fascinating of pursuits, and lots of girls and women who took to it from patriotic motives are pursuing it for pleasure, and blushing to find it profit to health, looks, and pocket.

In the Rough. Q.M.A.A.C.s have been killed and wounded by the Boches. The wounded survivors, and those who have escaped more or less narrowly, take it all as fortunes of war. They do not blame the Boche—why should they, since they are women soldiers, and ventured themselves into the field in France, with no idea of being immune from danger? In their own way, these girls are as fine as our fighting men. Those of them home in Endell Street Hospital are as cheery as can be, and make just such uncomplaining, excellent patients as our Tommies do. The auxiliary women are earning golden opinions, especially in France. At home they are coming on; the Corps is young—little over a year old.



Many of those in authority are also young, and take their responsibilities either too lightly or too severely. Our sex, as a whole, lacks training; the next generation will be better in that respect. The war caught us in the rough.

Suits for the Sea. Mermaids all are British maidens when they are by the sea. They are content almost to live in the waves and the wavelets, and very pretty pictures do our sea-nymphs make. I went to Harrods the other day to get some bathing-dresses for some girl friends who are resting from their war work at a coast town. Stockingette, they told me, was the thing to get, and Harrods the place to get it. I was amazed at the variety of these suits for the sea, and their elegance. How favourably they contrast with the horrors of the bathing-dresses of the Victorian era. They must indeed have loved their dips in the briny in those far-off days to make of themselves such shocking guys. Now they are so graceful, so free, so svelte, and can choose colours to suit them, and headgear as pretty as protective. Oh, it was a wise girl who chose to be born about twenty years ago! Of course, the war interlude was not foreseen when she arranged her entry!

Love Them Dearly. With the summer the fancy of youth of the feminine persuasion turns to thoughts of light and dainty "undies." Many thousands of girls have no chance of much change in "outies," uniform of one kind or another forbidding. A visit to Venns, 14-15, Conduit Street, W. 1, is always a delight, for there flowered or plain ninon, crepe, or georgette "undies" in charming colours are in much variety—complete sets of them, £4 19s. 6d. They are joys to dress-loving women, and so light and comfie when we have hot days and nights. These are to womenkind the part of dress round which their affections may legitimately linger, and they love them dearly.

Healthy Harrogate.

Not without reason has Harrogate been described as the Mecca of the ailing. Never, too, has it deserved the appellation more than in the time of nerve-strain and anxiety through which we are passing. Happy is it that the "cure," whether it be of only three weeks or considerably longer, is invariably reliable and complete. All that sunshine and rest and a wonderful system of bathing and "treatment" establishments can effect is never lacking, and two booklets, illustrated and interesting, should be written for. In "The Harrogate Cure," and "Pepys at Harrogate," all about the health resort is told, and the fullest information is obtainable by writing to Mr. F. J. C. Broome, manager of the Corporation Publicity Department.

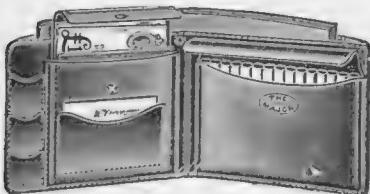


Plain mauve voile and voile with a Futuristic design of mauve, purple, green, and yellow form the frock on the left. The one on the right is of plain and spotted foulard with collar, cuffs, and sash of white organdie muslin.



The BEST Wrist Bag for
ONE GUINEA
in LONDON. Made of REAL
MOROCCO, three fittings.
Colours: NAVY, GREEN, BROWN,
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Silver Mounted Fittings, lined Best Watered Silk, size 22 in. x 13½ in. x 6 in.
Complete with COVER £21 4 6

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SOLID SILVER CASES, Jewelled
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12,000 patients daily occupy beds in the hospitals, 20,000

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It has fifty-nine simple, effective uses every day in every home—in the kitchen—in the nursery—in the bathroom—in the sick-room—in the garden.

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(The 2/- bottle contains 2½ times more than that of the 1/- bottle)

One trial will be sufficient to convince you of its wonderful qualities.

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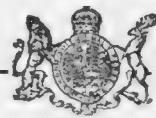
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of loose design, made in heavy Crêpe-de-Chine. Sash and stole ends with Oriental coloured embroidery.

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COLOUR RESTORED TO GREY HAIR IN ONE SITTING

"Sketch" Readers Invited
to the Daily Demonstrations.

THE War Epidemic of Greyness is prematurely ageing the appearance of so many persons. But it receives a most welcome check from the timely discovery by a Paris physician-scientist of a method of restoring the lost colour to the empty inside central core of every Grey, White, or Faded Hair upon the head.

Sketch readers who have already visited the Demonstrations of this useful discovery at the London "Inecto" Salons are surprised beyond measure at the absolutely life-like restoration of colour to the hair. Among those who have personally availed themselves of the Discovery is a well-known Royal Princess, who gratefully wrote in acknowledgment: "'Inecto' has given me the greatest satisfaction." Also significant is the fact that a leading Metropolitan School of Hairdressing teaches the "Inecto" Process exclusively as being superior to all other methods, and in its Official Report thereon stated that "No bad shade has resulted even when demonstrations were made on hair which was not suitable for colouring . . . and that 'Inecto' never failed to give the shade indicated in a natural colour . . . For all practical purposes 'Inecto' is the best." (This Report was drafted by the Superintendent of the School after exhaustive tests spread over three months, during which time a life model was used every week.)

THE DAILY DEMONSTRATIONS

are open to public view, and *Sketch* readers interested in seeing the results of the remarkable "Inecto" Discovery are specially invited.

Readers unable to call should write for the "Inecto Illustrated Treatise," gratis and post free from—

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(Dept. S.H.) 15a, NORTH AUDLEY ST., OXFORD
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See the remarkable difference that Greyness makes (to 20 years older) by covering up each half in turn.

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Hostess: "Why don't you ask always for Hurculaces?"



HURCULACES are the ideal
Laces for BOOTS or SHOES

A minute saved is oftentimes an hour gained, and a lace generally breaks when one is in a hurry. To avoid such *contretemps* insist on HURCULACES which are made from strong, longstapled threads that resist wear, are well dyed and firmly tagged . . .

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The remarkable Face Powder that is now so popular with the leading Actresses and Society Beauties is a revelation to all who take a pride in a youthful and charming appearance. Its skin health-giving properties, combined with all the cooling virtues of the most exquisite of toilet powders, place it far away in the front rank of anything that can be used for Beauty Culture.

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The delicate mystic perfume of Poudre Fifine cannot fail to enchant and delight. Poudre Fifine is sold in four tints—Rachel, Naturelle, Rosée, and Blanche.

Packed in charming boxes for the boudoir 2/6 per Box.

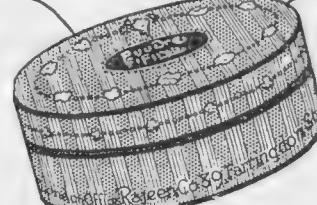
FIFINE SHAMPOO POWDERS.

These thoroughly cleanse the hair and scalp without robbing the hair of its natural oil. Their use is therefore distinctly beneficial to the growth and health of the hair, which is rendered soft and glossy. Packets of 5 wet or dry, price 1/-

Poudre Fifine
Sold by all High Class Stores and Chemists, or direct from
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Miss JULIA FAMES writes:—
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In the mirror you can see for yourself the added charm "La Naturelle" bestows. With "La Naturelle" the hair can be arranged at will; showing the parting (long or short) or without a parting at all. "La Naturelle" is *indetectable* from naturally growing hair.

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Toupet from 4 Guineas.
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Delightfully dressed from top to toe,
For she always "got it at VENN'S,
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EXQUISITE, filmy, lacey things,
(My imagination, you see, has wings!)
Were Violet's dearest dream of delight
By day and—whisper it gently!—night!

NOW the very last thing you'd have
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Was to work "on the land." But she
did! It's true!
For she couldn't nurse and she
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But was awfully keen on "doing her
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NEVER a day but she rakes and digs,
And plants potatoes and feeds the pigs.
But doesn't she just enjoy her Sundays,
When she revels again in her dainty
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G. R.

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British Forces abroad
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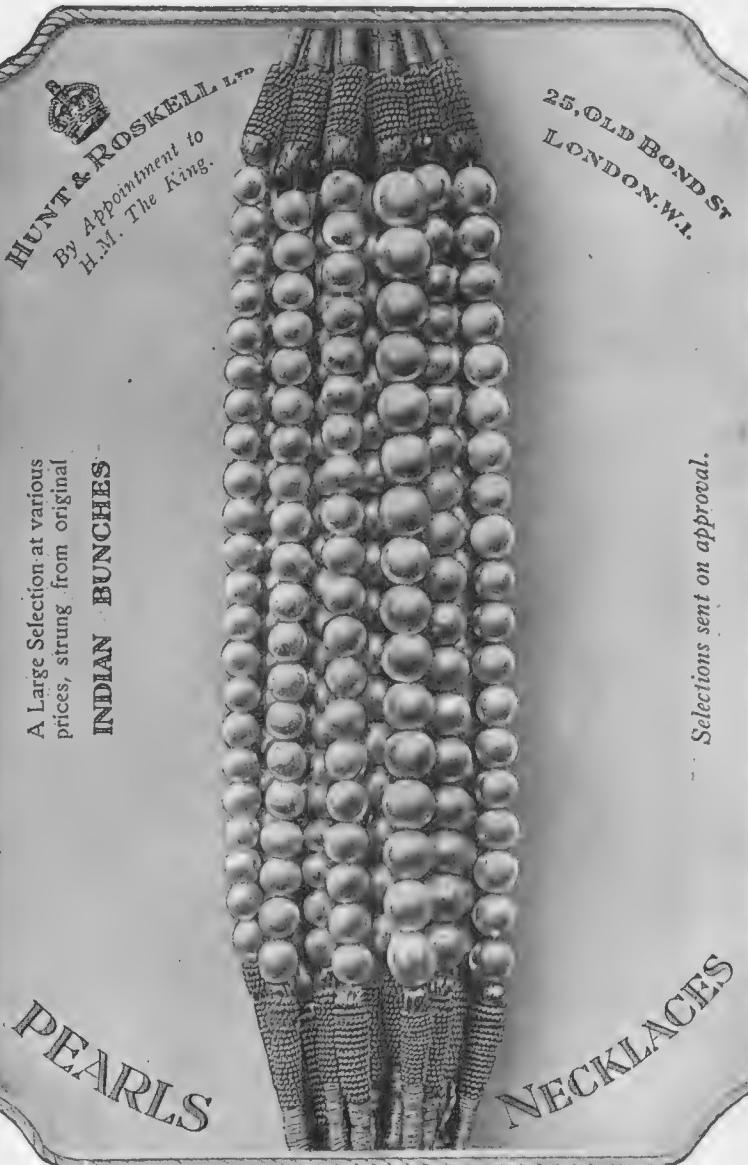
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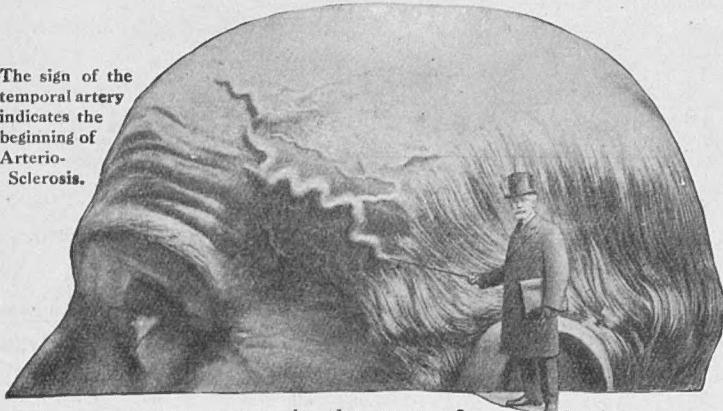
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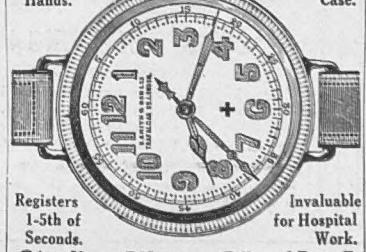


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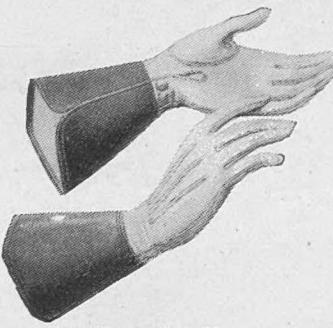
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In dainty half-crown vases, at high-class Chemists, Perfumers, &c.

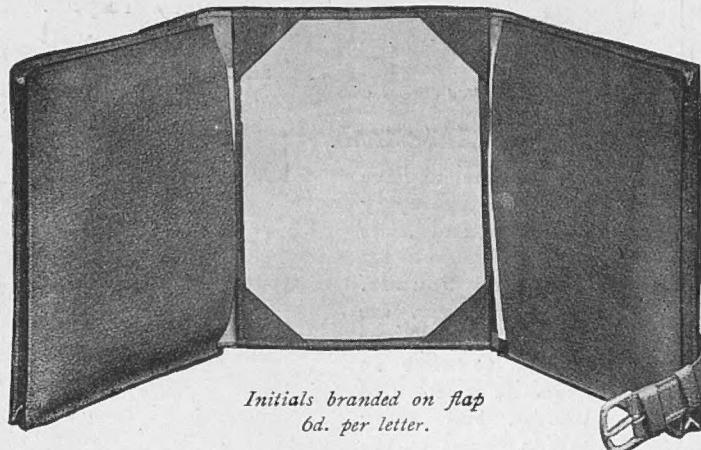
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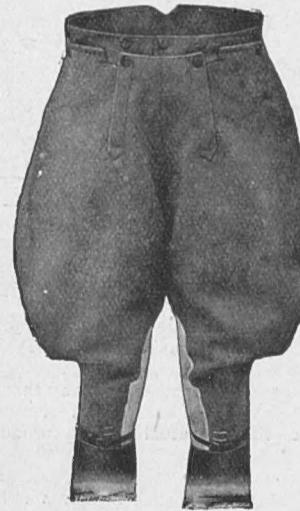
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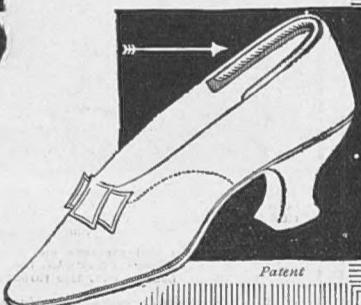
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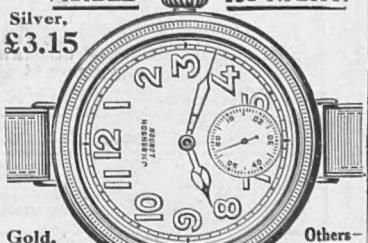
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